A God of Flesh and Blood

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A God of Flesh and Blood

by Ooft

Summary

He gives the woman an incapacitating blow to the head and whirls around to see his spectator.

"Aw, let her fight back!" It's a curly-haired man saying that, giggling and throwing his head back. His Adam's apple bobs up and down at the action and Hannibal is too distracted watching it to even consider murdering this witness. "Keep going. I like watching you work, even if you're being a bore right now."

"Excuse me?" Hannibal says. This twitchy little imp has mistaken him for someone else, it seems. It makes him wonder how often the creature watches murders take place, or how he hasn't been caught and killed yet.

A Halloween special, but it's by an Australian who doesn't celebrate Halloween (it's literally just a weird-ass thing about murder and sex and cannibalism).

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal presses the knife into the belly of the woman writhing beneath him, drawing it through the flesh and watching the blood ooze out. A gargled groan comes from the woman's mouth, spit and phlegm leaking down her chin.

As Hannibal continues to carefully slice the woman open (he's planning a Halloween party and is making last minute grocery trips, so he can't afford to spoil any meat) a laugh comes from behind him.

He gives the woman an incapacitating blow to the head and whirls around to see his spectator.

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"Excuse me?" Hannibal says. This twitchy little imp has mistaken him for someone else, it seems. It makes him wonder how often the creature watches murders take place, or how he hasn't been caught and killed yet.

"Oh, you can't see me when I watch you. I'm invisible. Today, though, is the day before Halloween and I'm bored, so I thought I'd drop by on my favourite serial killer and see what he's up to." The man slides down from the table he's sitting on and comes over to Hannibal, shaking his head and tutting when Hannibal jabs his knife out. "Please don't kill me. It's a lot of paperwork."

"Who are you?" Hannibal asks.

The man tilts his head and considers the question, pouting. "I tell the mortals my name is Will Graham. You're special, though, so I think I'll give you a better name to call me by. You can call me God, if you like."

"You're not God," Hannibal says.

"Aren't I?" The man asks. "Naming things is hard. I prefer killing them. What would you like to call me?"

"Will," Hannibal says.

Will shrugs. "Alright. For someone who kills so beautifully, I thought you'd have a better name for me."

"You like to watch me kill?" Hannibal asks.

"Who wouldn't?" Will responds, smiling crookedly. Through his facial hair, Hannibal can see a pink scar, jagged and wedged between the joints of the jaw. It does nothing to mar the lovely visage before him.

"Do you mind if I continue?" Hannibal asks, gesturing to the body slumped under his knees.

Will sweeps an arm in gesture. "Please, be my guest."

Hannibal can hear Will's footsteps as he walks to get a view of Hannibal's profile, leaning against the wall in the corner of Hannibal's peripheral and settling in.

Blood bubbles from the dying woman's mouth as she drifts back into consciousness, her tongue flicking out and swiping her lips as her eyes open and she looks around. Knife in hand, Hannibal swipes at her ribs, digging the blade in. The scrape of metal against bone echoes through the room and Will hums in the corner, nodding along as Hannibal tears open the woman's chest and reaches inside. Her ribs protest as he pulls at them, snapping wetly and popping.

Hannibal lets the last thing the woman sees be her heart in the palm of his hand, her lungs splayed out and resting on the floor. Her glassy eyes make the perfect reflection as the light fades from them, her head falling back and landing with a thud.

Peeling out her stomach, Hannibal gets to work on her organs. Some are difficult to grab under the layers of fat and muscle, but he makes do, reaching in and slicing. In the corner of his eye, Will creeps closer, watching in fascination as Hannibal takes her organs out and seals them, stacking everything neatly into a duffle bag.

"If you're not going to take her pancreas," Will says when Hannibal moves to pack away his scalpel, "can I please have it? I know it's your kill, but I've never been able to take anything before because I didn't want to touch your kills without your permission."

Hannibal nods and reaches in, slicing away the pancreas and handing it to Will, who snatches it up.

"Thank you," Will says, dangling the pancreas above his mouth, head tilted back. He flicks his tongue out and catches a well of blood, then lowers the pancreas to his lips, encircling his mouth around the meat and closing his eyes. He bites through, blood leaking from the corners of his mouth and dribbling down his chin.

Unable to tear his eyes away, Hannibal watches as Will chews on the meat. Swallowing, his Adam's apple bobs enticingly, making Hannibal wonder what it would be like to close his lips around it and feel it as it moved, or to slit open Will's throat and see the tissue inside. A moan rumbles in Will's throat and it sends a shiver racing up Hannibal's spine, uncontrollable and violent. It's voyeuristic, erotic, watching the creature before him chew and swallow the meat of his victim, humming in contentment as he does so, eye closed in the perfect picture of feigned innocence. His words, looks and actions speak of youth, but there is age in his face, hidden in the depths of his flesh and swimming to the surface for brief periods, before dipping away again.

Will turns to face him, giving him a sultry wink and licking the blood from his fingers, sucking at his wrist and flicking his tongue along his arm, ridding himself of all the gore.

"Wilhelskan," a deep voice says.

Will's head snaps in the direction of the voice and Hannibal tears his eyes from the sight of the gorgeous creature's profile, turning to look as well.

In the centre of the room stands a tall man, so large compared to the curly-haired imp sitting beside Hannibal.

"We've spoken of your… interactions with mortals," the large man says, frowning at Hannibal and letting his eyes slide back to Will.

"Oh, this one is no mere mortal, Jack," Will says, smirking at Hannibal and crawling closer to him, "with a face like his, there's no possible way."

Jack shakes his head. "You'll have to wipe him after this, you understand?"

"Let me have my fun," Will snaps, suddenly becoming vicious as his gaze swings around to Jack, teeth bared and revealing sharp canines, almost long enough to be fangs.

"Your 'fun' is dangerous," Jack says, nose wrinkled at the sight of all the blood and gore everywhere.

"It's not my fault," Will says. There's a story there, one Hannibal would love to hear at a later time. For now, he is content to watch the two strange men argue with each other.

Jack seems taken aback by Will's claim, falling silent and shifting guiltily.

"Leave us," Will says.

Jack nods, his face becoming hard and stern again, any previous softness forgotten. "Remember, Wilhelskan: have your fun, then wipe him."

Hannibal figures that 'wipe' is in reference to his memory, but he's sure he can find a way to convince this imp to leave him with his thoughts. Jack vanishes from sight. It's enough to unnerve Hannibal, but he doesn't let it show in his face and watches as Will continues to creep toward him. Curls of hair fall over the side of his face, obscuring it, though the shine of his clear blue eyes peeks through, flashing when they catch in the light.

Entranced, Hannibal stares as Will crawls into his lap, perched atop his thighs and encasing Hannibal's torso with his legs. Hannibal likens the hold to that of a crocodile, grabbing tight to its victim in order to death roll it, to spin out of control until its prey's spine snaps.

"Can I kiss you?" Will asks, eyes bearing into Hannibal's soul, cleaving it in half.

"Yes," Hannibal says before he can think better of it, moaning quietly at the way Will presses into his body and lips, sucking and tugging at his mouth without a pause for breath.

Head spinning and sucking air in through his nose, Hannibal kisses Will back. His lips taste like bitter wine and when Will slides his tongue into Hannibal's welcoming mouth, it tastes like blood and flesh, the remains of the dead woman's pancreas still lingering on his teeth and gums. Pressing his hands to Will's chest, Hannibal searches to feel his heartbeat, the dull thud that shakes the ribs and lungs asunder. At the touch of it, a shiver runs down Hannibal's spine and he presses his hand against it as hard as he can, groaning when Will pushes into him in response, trapping Hannibal's hand between their chests and making it so Hannibal can feel his own heart running in tangent with Will’s. His other hand roams Will's body, tracing the muscles of his back and shoulders, feeling the give of flesh and fat. Will's hands seem to be everywhere at once, touching him just as fervently, nails scraping on Hannibal's flesh, palms massaging his skin, fingers hooking into the collar of his shirt and reaching down to rub his upper back. The plastic of Hannibal's suit creaks at each movement, but neither men pay it any attention, moaning and grunting to be heard over it and smother the outside world.

Will pulls away, speaking loud enough for Hannibal to hear over his own panting. "Do you want me to take you back home?"

Hannibal nods, realises it's rude, and gasps, "please, yes. Please."

Will chuckles and clicks his fingers. Darkness consumes them whole.

Chapter End Notes

This was supposed to be a one-shot for Halloween, but then it turned out to be a real story and hnnnnggggggggg

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Out of the shadows they come, landing on something soft. Hannibal glances down to see his bed, the duvet and sheets all correct and just as he'd left them this morning, albeit a little rumpled from the weight of the two men.

"Your stuff is all packed away and clean," Will says, lifting his hands to fiddle with the buttons of Hannibal's shirt now that the plastic suit isn't in the way.

Hannibal grabs his wrists and holds him away, staring directly into his eyes. "What are you?"

"God," Will says, his voice crashing over Hannibal like a wave, washing all doubt and disbelief away with ease, "I told you before."

It doesn't make sense, but Hannibal can't find it within himself to care. He lets go of Will's wrists and latches onto his shirt instead, tugging it up and touching his skin, his fingers feverish and needy on Will's soft flesh. There's such an expansive range of skin there, planes of it stretched across his supple belly and up into his chest, fatty though not excessively so, a hardness lying hidden beneath. Somehow, Will's skin still feels cold, as though Hannibal could rip him apart and there would be no blood boiling away inside. There is only the blaze of Hannibal between them, and it's intoxicating.

Will smiles down at Hannibal and lifts his shirt above his head, tossing it away to the corner of the room. He fully unbuttons Hannibal's shirt and helps him shuck it from his arms. Will's chest is smooth, hairless beneath the clothes, appearing like an unearthly creature rather than some horrific beast. Hannibal wonders whether the hair on his own chest surprises Will.

Fascination glitters in Will's eyes as he rubs Hannibal's chest, curling his fingers into the hair there and dragging them through. After circling around Hannibal's pecs, Will pinches his nipples gently, tugging them between his fingers. Watching Will explore his body interests Hannibal, making him wonder if this God does the same thing to himself in the throes of his own pleasure, if he touches himself in the same way and makes himself aroused, if he ever feels lonely when he does it and longs for a companion.

In a surge of power, Will pushes Hannibal back onto the bed, resettling on his thighs and grasping at the zipper of Hannibal's pants. When his eyes flick back up to look at Hannibal, they're black, pupils having eaten away his coloured irises and leaving him with nothing but lusty energy. The contrast they have to his downy white skin and blood red lips is dizzying.

"It's been too long," Will murmurs, tugging Hannibal's pants away, clambering off him briefly to give himself more space to fully remove the pants and throw them away.

"Too long since what?" Hannibal asks.

Head swinging, Will meets Hannibal’s eyes again. “You won’t understand.”

“I don’t understand a single thing about you,” Hannibal admits, “what would one more be?”

“Later,” Will says, removing Hannibal’s underwear.

“Later,” Hannibal repeats back, gasping when Will leans down to take his cock between his sensual lips.

Will smiles and winks.

Will’s mouth is tight and wet, welcoming around Hannibal’s cock. As Will’s head ducks, Hannibal is acutely aware of just how *well* he fits, as though Will’s throat is a girdle to him, made to encircle and house him. Fangs brush the sides of his cock and the danger makes him shiver, the sensation pulsing along his spine and neck, erupting through to his shoulders, chest and arms.

Heat pools into Hannibal's stomach as Will works his mouth around, forcing himself down hard and staying still, his chest heaving in effort. Hot breath spreads across Hannibal's abdomen and hips as Will sucks in breath after breath of air, desperate to not pull away from worshipping Hannibal's cock and take a breath through his mouth. From somewhere unknown, a place Hannibal isn't even aware is locked away in his mind palace, adoration flows forth. Adoration for the lovely creature before him, the one whose body is made for him, that electrifies his blood and makes it boil, whom brings forth emotions and thoughts that are generally so well coveted beneath the depths of Hannibal's flesh.

Reaching down, feeling in blind stupor, Hannibal's fingers make their way to Will's hair, finding their place amongst the nest of curls and threading them through. Contented humming comes from Will's throat and he brings his head to the tip of Hannibal's cock, tilting it back and chasing the sensation of Hannibal's fingers in his hair, eyes rolling back and revealing glazed whites as Hannibal massages his scalp.

Fire burns in the pit of Hannibal's belly at the way he can see his cock sitting at the purse of Will's lips, Cupid's bow visible right above the tip of it. Will's eyes are closed now, wetness leaking from the corners and squeezing out onto his cheeks. As quick as he can, Hannibal swipes the tear away and runs his hand into Will's hair again. He mustn't do it quickly enough, because Will's eyes open and he meets Hannibal's gaze.

Never before has Hannibal seen eyes like Will's. There's no emotion there, not really, but there's a depth, something that calls to him and screams of familiarity, of comfort and love, so much love it aches in his bones. Somehow, sometime, someplace, this creature has loved him. Across eons and stars and time, this beautiful, lovely, unearthly God has adored him and beheld him, worshipped him and wanted him, looked to him and *seen* him. It's an incredible moment to live in, like a catalyst of universes.

Will tears his eyes away and dips his head, destroying the connection. Moaning, Hannibal tightens his grip on Will's hair and bucks into his mouth, chest shuddering. Eyes closed, Will takes Hannibal's thrusting without complaint, tightening his lips and swirling his tongue as Hannibal slides inside him. Fire tears through the pit of Hannibal's abdomen and after a

moment, he hits his climax, muscles in his entire body constricting as he releases into Will, almost too hazy to notice the way Will drinks him up, swallowing his seed, Adam's apple rolling across the skin of Hannibal's thigh as he does so. It's a sight almost too beautiful to bear.

Eyes sliding back and forth, Will pulls away from Hannibal, letting his cock fall from his mouth. He fixes Hannibal with his glazed eyes, smiling crookedly and crawling forward, collapsing onto Hannibal's chest and sighing. Hannibal puts his arms around Will and holds him tight.

"I've missed you," Will murmurs and a moment later, he falls asleep.

Lulled by some unknown, inexplicable force, Hannibal does the same.

A crooked, black throne sits before him. Power pulses in the atmosphere, radiating from the seat and dissipating the life in the air, seeming to suck the very breath from Hannibal's lungs and steal the moisture from his eyes. In return, his muscles harden and an electric thrum beats through his blood.

He knows, in the way people dreaming do, that the throne that lies before him is his own. The stairs that lead up to it were carved by his own hands a long time ago, hundreds of thousands of years passing since then. Still, those stairs made from the very bones of the depraved stood firm, gleaming white even without a distinct source of light anywhere. Red carpet is draped on the stairs before him, leading to the throne; it's made of flesh, stained and coloured with blood. A sweet tang sits in the air like perfume, washing through Hannibal's skull and resonating. It dances through his sinuses and fills his belly, making him feel so full it's as if he has never starved before, never known hunger or pain, never suffered or thirsted or needed anything, like he's always been fulfilled.

Yet, in the pits of his mind, there is an echo. A constant dripping, water running from a crack in the stone and falling to the ground beneath it, wearing away at the rock until an indent is made. After thousands of years, that indent has grown into a puddle, then a pool, then a vast, unending ocean.

The throne calls to Hannibal, so he steps forward, slowly climbing the stairs. Each footfall is thunderous, though its echo is swallowed by the darkness around him. Flesh from the carpet scrapes the soles of his feet and the stairs crack beneath him. Still, he pushes onward.

Black lines run through the glistening white bone of the stairs, splitting further open. He reaches the top of the stairs, almost at his throne and then the ground opens up completely, a white void swallowing him whole.

There is nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Will really is withholding that sweet, sweet tea from us, huh? My man knows something and he's not letting on smh

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